

THE
SEAMAN
A DRAMA
IN FOUR PARTS.
DOVER.
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THE WESBURY:

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THE
SEAMAN of DOVER.



P A R T I.

A Seaman of Dover whose excellent parts
For wisdom and learning, had conquer'd the
hearts

Of many young damsels of beauty so bright ;
Of him this new ditty in brief I shall write.

And shew of his turnings and windings of fate,
His passions and sorrows so many and great :
And how he was blessed with love at last,
When all the rough storms of troubles was past.

Now to be brief, I shall tell you the truth,
A beautiful lady whose name it was Ruth,
A squire's young daughter, near Sandwich in Kent,
Proves all his heart's treasure, his joy and content.

Unknown to her parents in private they meet,
Where many love lessons they'd often repeat,
With kisses and many embraces likewise,
She granted him love, thus gained the prize.

She said, I consent to be thy sweet bride,
Whate'er becomes of my fortune she cry'd,
The frowns of my father I never will fear,
But freely go through the world with my dear.

A jewel he gave her in token of love,
And vow'd by the sacred powers above,
To wed the next morning, but they were deceiv'd,
And all by the treachery of a treacherous maid.

She told her parents that they were agreed,
With that they fell in a passion with speed.
And said, 'Ere a seaman their daughter should have,
They had rather follow her corpse to the grave.'

The lady was strait to her chamber confin'd,
Here long she continued in sorrow and mind :
And so did her love for the loss of his dear,
No sorrow was ever so sharp and severe.

When long he had mourn'd for his love & delight
Just under the window he came in the night,
And sung forth this ditty; My dearest farewell,
Behold in this nation no longer I'll dwell,

I'm going from hence to the kingdom of Spain,
Because I am willing that you should obtain
Your freedom once more, for my heart will break,
If longer thou liest confin'd for my sake.

The words which he utter'd caus'd her to weep,
Yet nevertheless she was forced to keep
Thus silence that minute, that minute for fear,
Her honour'd father and mother should hear.

P A R T II.

SOON after bold Henry he enter'd on board,
The heavens a prosperous gale did afford,
And bro't him with speed to the kingdom of Spain,
There he with a merchant some time did remain.

Who finding he was both faithful and just;
 Prefer'd him to places of honour and trust,
 He made him as great as his heart could request,
 Yet wanting his Ruth, he with grief was opprest.

So great was his grief it could not be conceal'd,
 Both honour and riches no pleasure could yield,
 In private he often would weep and lament,
 For Ruth his fair beautiful lady of Kent.

Now while he lamented the loss of his dear,
 A lady of Spain did before him appear,
 Deck'd with rich jewel, both costly and gay,
 Who earnestly sought for his favour that day.

Said she, gentle swain I am wounded with love,
 And you are the person I honour above,
 The greatest of nobles that ever was born,
 Then pity my tears and sorrowful moan.

I pity thy sorrowful tears, he reply'd,
 And wish I were worthy to make thee my bride;
 But lady thy grandeur is greater than mine,
 Therefore I am fearful my heart to resign.

O never be doubtful of what will ensue,
 No manner of danger will happen to you,
 At my own disposal I am I declare,
 Receive me with love or destroy me with care.

Dear madam, don't fix your affection on me,
 You are fit for some noble lord of noble degree,
 That is able to keep up your honour and fame,
 I am but a sailor, from England I came.

A man of mean fortune, whose substance is small,
 I have not where with to maintain you withal;
 Sweet lady, according to honour and state,
 Now this is the truth that I freely relate.

The lady she lovingly squeezed his hand,
And said with a smile, b'fes'd be the land :
That bred such a noble brave seaman as thee,
I value no honour, thou'rt welcome to me.

My parents are dead, I have jewels untold,
Besides in possession a million of gold :
And thou sh'lt be lord of whatever I have,
Grant me but thy love ; which I earnestly crave.

Then turning aside, to himself he replies,
I am courted with riches and beauty beside,
This love I may have ; but my Ruth is deny'd,
Wherfore he consented to make her his bride.

The lady cloathed him glorious and great,
His noble deportment, both proper and strait.
So charmed the innocent eyes of his dove,
And added a second new flame to her love.

Then marry'd they were without longer delay,
Now here we will leave them both glorious and great,
To speak of fair Ruth, who in sorrow was left,
At home with her parents of comfort bereft.



P A R T III.

WHEN under the window with an aching heart,
He told his Ruth he soon must depart,
Her parents they heard and well pleased were,
But Ruth was afflicted with sorrow and care.

Now after her lover had quitted the shore,
They kept her confin'd a twelvemonth or more,
And then they were pleased to set her at large,
With laying upon her a wonderful charge.

To fly from a seaman as she would from death,
She promised she would with a trembling breath;
Yet nevertheless the truth you shall hear,
She found but a way to follow her dear

Then taking her gold and silver also,
In seaman's apparel away she did go:
And found out a master, with whom she agreed,
To carry her over the ocean with speed.

Now when she arriv'd at the kingdom of Spain,
From city to city she travell'd a main:
Enquiring every where for her love,
Who had been gone seven years and above.

In Calais as she walked along in the street,
Her love and his lady she happened to meet,
But in such a garb as she never had seen,
She look'd like an angel or beautiful queen.

With sorrowful tears she turn'd herself aside,
My jewel is gone, I shall ne'er be his bride,
But nevertheless, tho' my hopes are in vain,
I'll never return back to England again.

But here in this place I will be confin'd,
It will be a joy and comfort to my mind,
To see him sometimes; though he thinks not of me
Since he has a lady of noble degree.

Now while in the city fair Ruth did reside,
Of a sudden this beautiful lady she dy'd,
And though he was in possession of all,
Yet tears from his eyes in abundance did fall.

As he was expressing his piteous mean,
Fair Ruth came to him and made herself known,
He started to see her, but seemed not coy,
Said he, now my sorrows are mingled with joy.

The time of mourning he kept in old Spain,
And then he came to Old England again,
With thousands and thousands he did possess,
Then glorious and gay was Ruth in her dress.

P A R T IV.

WHEN over the seas to fair Sandwich he came,
With Ruth and numbers of persons of fame,
Then all did appear most splendid and gay,
As if it had been a coronation day.

Now when they took up their lodgings, behold,
He stript off his coat of embroider'd gold,
And presently borrows a mariner's suit,
That he with her parents might have some dispute.

Before they were sensible he was great,
And when he came and knock'd at the gate,
He soon saw her father and mother likewise,
Expressing their sorrow with tears in his eyes.

To them with obeysance he modestly said,
Pray where is my jewel, that innocent maid?
Whose sweet lovely beauty doth thousands excel,
I fear by your weeping that all is not well.

No, no, she is gone, she is utterly lost,
We have not heard of her this twelvemonths past,
Which makes us distracted with sorrow and care,
And drowns us in tears at the point of despair.

I'm grieved to hear these sad tidings he said,
Alas! honest young man her father then said,
I heartily wish she'd been wedded to you,
Then we this sorrow had never gone through.

Sweet Henry made then this answer again,
I am newly come from the kingdom of Spain,
From whence I have brought me a beautiful bride,
And am to be married to-morrow, he cry'd.

And if you will go to my wedding said he,
Both you and your lady right welcome shall be,
They promised they would and accordingly came,
Not thinking to meet with such persons of fame.

All deck'd in their jewels of rubies and pearls,
As equal companions of lords and earls;
Fair Ruth with her love were as gay as the rest,
So they in their marriage were happily blest.

Now as they return'd from the church to the inn,
The father and mother of Ruth did begin
To know their daughter by a certain mole,
Altho' she was cloathed in garments of gold.

With transports of joy they flew to their bride,
O where hast thou been sweet daughter they cry'd?
Thy tedious absence hath grieved us sore,
As fearing, alas! we should see you no more.

Dear parents, said she, many hazards I run,
To fetch home my love, and your dutiful son,
Receive him with joy, for 'tis very well known,
He seeks not your wealth, he's enough of his own.

Her father reply'd and merrily smil'd,
He bro't home enough as he bro't home my child,
A thousand times welcome you are I declare,
Whose presence disperses both sorrow and care.

Full seven long days then in feasting they spent,
The bells in the steeples they merrily went,
And many fair pounds were bestow'd on the poor,
The like of this wedding was never before.